

Slow Boil

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Category: Naruto

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Minato N., Naruto U.

Pairings: Naruto U./Minato N.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-16 01:58:26

Updated: 2016-04-20 23:52:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:18:57

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,993

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Walking in on your son masturbating was something that every parent knows comes with the territory of having a teenager. However, walking in on your sonâ€"censoredâ€"is another story entirely." Warnings: Yaoi, incest, lemons, masturbating, voyeurism. [Minato X Naruto] Full/M rated summary inside.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Slow Boil\*\*

\*\*[Minato, Naruto]\*\*

\*\*M rated summary\*\*: "Walking in on your son masturbating was something that every parent knows comes with the territory of having a teenager. However, walking in on your son two knuckles and three fingers deep in his own ass because he'd screamed your name in anguish and you thought he was hurt, is another story entirely." Warnings: Yaoi, incest, lemons, masturbating, voyeurism.

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><p>- - - Naruto POV - - -<p>

There's an age old saying that, if you drop a frog into boiling water, it will jump out immediately, but if the water is slowly heated, it would have no idea until it's too late. Naruto had heard about it in one of his professor's discussion focused classes, and he had promptly tuned out his classmates to think about more important things.

However, when his father opened the door to his room at the most inopportune time, he couldn't help but mentally laugh at the irony in how appropriately it actually fit into his current life. He wasn't aware of it before this moment, but now the concept rang all too true in Naruto's ears.

All he could do was stare, eyes widened in terror, mouth slack and open with the absence of words, into the darkened blue eyes of his father, mentor and friend. His body, frozen on the outside and boiling on the inside, betrayed everything he couldn't bring himself to say.

It was now far too late to jump away to safety. He felt hot, his face flushed with the blood racing through his body, as if it really was about to boil. He felt trapped, like this was the end, the ultimatum of everything he'd worked so hard on.

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><p>- - - Minato POV - - -<p>

Walking in on your son masturbating was something that every parent knows comes with the territory of having a teenager. However, walking in on your son two knuckles and three fingers deep in his own ass because he'd screamed your name in anguish and you thought he was hurt, is another story entirely.

Minato felt like he'd been slapped in the face by reality. His body was stopped in the doorway with his mouth agape, having failed to complete his sentence of worry for Naruto's health. Only when the boy moved to cover his body in shame, did he realize the sheer magnitude of the weight resting on his very next reaction. He had so much to process, so much to wonder, but a seemingly negative amount of time to decide, because the beloved boy in front of him was beginning to shut down before his very eyes.

"I'm sorry." The younger man whispered. It was obvious that the phrase was meant to be much louder, and the air was tense with the unknown.

He'd seen this expression of guilt before, although it had always been concealed to only be seen momentarily behind distant blue eyes. He had never understood until now, that the only moments of distance he and his son had ever had, were due to this secret. How long had this been going on for? How had he not noticed?

Memories flooded his mind.

There were memories of Naruto as a toddler, wiggling on his shoulders with his hands reaching for the sun. He remembered a slightly older Naruto running around their apartment pretending to be in a ninja battle, and he himself, swooping in at the end to save his son from an attack from behind. He had died that night, but he'd congratulated his son for fighting so bravely, and told him that they'd fought as equals, before closing his eyes dramatically. Naruto had cried, despite it being just a game, and had clung to his father, shaking him and yelling for him to wake up.

The boy had slept in his bed for comfort that night, and it soon developed into a frequently requested sleeping arrangement for

anything from monsters under the bed and bad dreams, to being sick or bad days at school. It lessened with age, naturally, and seemed to have ended all together in high school.

He remembered noticing flashes of sadness ghost across the younger male's face, mixed into otherwise happy memories of them rough housing and bantering. In high school, Minato knew that Naruto's health had been suffering due to a lack of sleep and stress, but had it been because he was shouldering the weight of this secret? Had it been because of him?

Naruto no longer told him everything when he was upset. He'd still come to him with school troubles ranging from hard subjects, to annoying friends and confusing crushes. However, any personal struggles were shot down, and, if pushed about them, Naruto would go as far as walking away without a glance back.

Minato's friends had assured him that it was part of being a teen, and he had agreed that Naruto was an adult and could choose who he trusts with what.

Now that Naruto had started college, the young man had been more distant than ever. Minato couldn't deny that it hurt. He missed how close they used to be, and had always desperately tried to figure out what was causing the distance, and why Naruto felt he couldn't come to him about it.

Now he knows, but it's not because Naruto wanted him to. It's not because Naruto chose to let him back into his life. He had simply barged in, and was now forced to immediately decide between two hard choices that Naruto hadn't been ready for him to make.

"Naruto." He managed to say. His voice was shaky and unsure, because he still had no idea what to say or do. A war was waging inside him. It was a familiar war, one in which he'd both won and lost many battles.

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><p>- - - Naruto POV - - -<p>

Naruto moved to cover himself. He just couldn't take those eyes on him anymore, burning his already boiling body. He had fantasized a countless number of times about having Minato catch him, but not like this.

In his dreams, the older man would throw the door to his room open, unable to contain the lust that had twisted from Naruto's sounds of pleasure. Minato would always clearly and without reservation admit how long he'd wanted Naruto, and Naruto would in turn beg for all he knew the longer haired blonde had to offer. Some dreams, Naruto would even catch Minato, and brazenly offer to help him with his 'problem.'

One of them needs to say something before he implodes from his own thoughts.

"I'm sorry." He apologized, but it barely made it past his dry mouth. It didn't look like Minato even heard him, because the man had yet to shift from his worried stance at the door.

Naruto knew that it was supposed to be disgustingâ€”that the man he wanted was his own father. He could only imagine the conflicting thoughts that must be circling his father's mind. With time, the optimistic blond had learned to accept and live with his desires, but the reaction of the man before him reminded him of why he'd shunned his own feelings so harshly before. Was this slip up because his feelings had once again grown more unhealthy without him noticing?

Over the years, respect for the single parent turned to admiration. The admiration only continued to expand and strengthen as he matured and learned more about his father. His love for his father just seemed to sink its roots deeper and spread wider within his heart, and his desire to always be with the older man grew with them.

As Naruto became the adult in his own life, Minato's role in his life had shifted from parental figure, to a wise friend he'd turn to with everything.

Naruto had thought it was normal until the admiration gradually began to be accompanied by lust. Even then, it had taken a while to recognize the shift in the source of his desires for touch. Although loving embraces were never replaced, they simply weren't enough after a while. Wrestling matches became a new norm, and they seemed to satisfy his poorly understood cravings for a while.

His father never seemed to mind; in fact, it looked like Minato appreciated them. He always claimed that he had to keep his old body in shape somehow, but it seemed more like an emotional release for the both of them rather than physical.

"Naruto." His father finally spoke, but what did it mean?

The apprehensive blonde couldn't figure out what Minato was thinking or feeling, despite his name being laced with such strong emotions. Was he being rejected? Did his father love him, but simply didn't know how to approach his son's love being different and wrong? Did his father hate him for being defective? He knew his father accepted being gay and even age gaps to a degree. However, any time he'd slyly brought up family loving each other as more than family, his father would somehow wiggle out of giving a direct and confident answer, so he couldn't pursue without exposing himself. It didn't leave him optimistic.

As his conflicting emotions grew increasingly turbulent inside, Naruto felt tears well up in his distraught blue orbs and escape out. His tongue did its best to wet his lips before he attempted to try again.

"I'm sorry, Minato." This time it came out as a choked off sob.

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><p>- - - Minato POV - - -<p>

Minato's pulse somehow managed to quicken even further at the sight of the pink, delicate tongue tracing across plump, kissable lips. That moment had almost decided the outcome of his internal struggle. He subconsciously took a step towards the source of the fire he felt,

but caught himself in time to stop. Minato held firm to his resolve that Naruto's health was far more important than indulging in his indecent desires.

Part of his mind reasoned that he'd heard Naruto call out his name, and that it was more than enough consent. Meanwhile the loving father in him reminded him of his title, and the man in him that loved Naruto more than a father ever should, reminded him that he still had no idea what Naruto wanted from him. Since he was in no state to hold back, he refused to risk potentially ruining the best thing that had ever happened to him by giving into his lust.

He was shocked back into awareness by his name.

The first time he'd heard it come out of Naruto's mouth was the younger blonde's sophomore year of high school. A new flash of images replaced the dirtier ones at the forefront of his mind; Naruto had been embarrassed to the point of blushing and ducking his head, missing the heated face that had temporarily crossed his father's features. He'd apologized profusely, up until his mentor had shocked him with an accepting hug and a calm questioning of why.

The answer was perfectly reasonable: over the past year, Minato had let Naruto act as an adult, and, as a result, his role had shifted from less of a father, and to more as a friend—an equal. Minato liked it. He had no reason to deny the warmth that confession had brought to his heart. What had him up all night though, was trying to understand what exactly had brought such a different warmth to his face.

The man in front of him didn't look like the young man in his memory, simply embarrassed by a slip of the tongue that could have been misinterpreted as an insult. No, he looked more like a broken and vulnerable boy waiting to be kicked. All because the man he expected to kick him still couldn't bring himself to act.

"Naruto, it's ok, no matter what, I love you." He reassured, his fatherly instincts kicking in as he rushed to hold and comfort his terrified child. But this was no longer a child before him. He realized his mistake when his arms were slapped away, and blue eyes seemed to turn red with anger.

'Not the way I love you.' They spoke through their hurt.

No, Naruto was definitely not a child. Minato drank in the passionate man before him. Discrete but hard abs, compact chest, distinguished jaw line, flushed face and beautiful, intense eyes that always expressed more than words ever could.

Naruto was a man now, and he wanted to be seen as one. There was no doubt that they had become close friends over the years, but there always seemed to be that barrier of blood separating them from what they truly wanted.

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><p>- - - Naruto POV - - -<p>

How did it get to this point? When did he start losing his grip on hiding himself?

The first time he'd let himself masturbate to the thought of his own father had been terrifying. He'd had wet dreams every night that week, and he finally gave in through the guise of a shower. What had been a one-time thing to 'get it out of his system,' became a morning ritual. What had been a morning routine, became an anytime release.

Had he started becoming louder as his fantasies grew more descriptive? Had he become less cautious the more he'd fantasized about getting caught? Or had his self-acceptance simply grown to let himself enjoy his dirty pastime to the point of losing sight of all his previous precautions?

His emotions were boiling him alive, and he was too overwhelmed to do a damn thing about it.

Minato was so close now. The concerned blonde hadn't moved away despite his efforts at comfort being rejected. Naruto could feel the man's breath coming in and out at a faster pace, and Naruto's body instantly responded with a flash of desired outcomes that coursed freely beneath his cover of rage. The thought, 'It's not like he wants me that way,' only serving to fuel his self-loathing more.

His eye lids, having grown heavier with lust, draped themselves hotly, and he was forced to tilt his head up to still keep his sight on the man before him. His mouth parted and his chest rose in their efforts to take in a shaky breath of much need oxygen when he'd caught a similar look of lust on his father's face.

Had he seen it wrong? Was it an illusion from one of his emotional fantasies?

He watched as the older man unconsciously leaned forward, as if preparing to move closer. No, he wasn't imagining this. The look in Minato's eyes as they traveled down to where his toned flesh parted from the blanket's shield, and up again to his own, lust filled, eyes was unmistakable.

Naruto had seen that very same look the time he'd spied on the older blonde masturbating. It had been a year at that point since Naruto had allowed himself to start masturbating, and he had been amazed at how expertly his father touched himself.

"\_Naruto." His father growled, hand stopping and gripping his length with great pressure. \_

\_Naruto squeaked and flailed at having been caught. Unceremoniously toppling into the door he'd cracked open earlier, and tumbling into view of his father.\_

"\_What are you doing?" His father asked in surprise, his tone revealing more embarrassment than anger. Naruto had recognized himself as the one who had wronged for spying on such a privet moment, yet his father was the one who looked guilty. \_

"\_I'm so sorry dad, I didn't mean toâ€|I mean, I didn't know when Iâ€|I just wanted toâ€|learn." Naruto had finally finished sputtering out his answer, hoping it was a good enough excuse. Luckily the fear elicited from getting caught rid himself of his own erection.

"\_Uhh." Was his father's intelligent response. "Well, I don't think there's any harm in thatâ€|there's nothing wrong with masturbation, it's a natural human desire, and is actually physically healthy for the body." He was rambling, trying to be a good parent despite the awkward and sudden situation. "I guess if I don't want you to be embarrassed about it, I really shouldn't be either.\_

\_Naruto had gotten various sex talks before that moment, but the talk that had followed was far more than he had let on. Minato had no idea that he was granting one of Naruto's darkest fantasies by willingly stroking his own cock in front of him. Naruto had never imagined the scene with the accompaniment of an explanation, but he still took in the opportunity enthusiastically, stroking his own length in alignment with his father's words. \_

It took all of his willpower to keep from moaning as the memory played out in his head. His erection had become painfully hard again, but it was fortunately hidden beneath the sheets. Naruto gripped his hands into the bed to keep one from instinctually moving to offer himself relief.

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><p>- - - Minato POV - - -<p>

When his eyes finally worked their way back to the pair before him, he was shocked to find a lusty, knowing gaze swallowing him whole. He experienced a moment of dÃ©jÃ vu, as his mind raced back two years to one of his moments of guiltiest pleasure. It had been the first battle he'd lost to his perverted desires, and he had been unaware of the object of his desires being right there watching him cave. His son had caught him, dick in hand, moaning his name, and mistook it for himself getting caught.

Unfortunately, with the immense amount of luck he was gifted, also came the great responsibility of how to handle the perceived situation. That was when he lost his second battle. Masquerading as a lesson on masturbation, he'd come the closest he would ever allow himself to being sexual with his own son. It was a one-time thing, meant to get it out of his system so that he could move on.

But now here he was again. It was obvious who his blond haired blue eyed perfection had been thinking of given the reason of his entrance. It was obvious exactly to what capacity the beautiful man had been thinking of him. It was also obvious that their affections were mutual.

Yet, he still craved verbal confirmation to put his mind at ease. He needed to hear that he wasn't a terrible father for falling in love with his son. He wanted to know that they stood on equal ground, and that they were both just a man, falling in love with a friend. His blue eyes begged silently for these answers, only for the matching eyes of the man before him to drift shut under his gaze.

"Please." The entrancing lips below him begged softly.

His damn burst, unleashing a torrent of passion he'd been holding back for years. In an instant, his larger frame pinned the other to

the bed, and he finally took control of the slightly shorter blonde's pleading lips. His efforts were matched fervently. Tongues battled, and teeth bit, sometimes even clanking together in their haste.

Naruto's hands wound their way into the longer strands of equally blond hair above him, refusing to let him retreat now that he was within reach. His mind was muddled by the sinuous connection of hips straining to connect with his own. He acknowledged his control waning under the assault on his body. He wanted this man. He wanted to take him violently, and he wanted it now. Shit.

"Naruto. Wait. Please." He managed to say when he was offered a chance to reclaim air into his lungs.

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><p><strong>Author's Notes:<strong>

I'm experimenting with this character point of view style, and I'm not sure how I feel about it. \*\*Is it confusing\*\*? Does the constant back and forth give you whiplash at all? \*\*Reviews\*\* are greatly appreciated! I write more when I believe people want to read it!

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Slow Boil\*\*

\*\*[Minato, Naruto]\*\*

\*\*M rated summary\*\*: "Walking in on your son masturbating was something that every parent knows comes with the territory of having a teenager. However, walking in on your son two knuckles and three fingers deep in his own ass because he'd screamed your name in anguish and you thought he was hurt, is another story entirely." Warnings: Yaoi, incest, lemons, masturbating, voyeurism.

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><p>"<em>Naruto. Wait. Please." He managed to say when he was offered a chance to reclaim air into his lungs.</em>

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><p>- - - Naruto POV - - -<p>

Naruto moaned. Both in ecstasy at finally hearing his name slip from Minato's lips in such a sex-deepened tone, and in displeasure at being asked to stop something that was too good to be a dream. He saw the man above him falter at the sound, and latched on to his neck in hopes of using his moment of weakness to break his resolve to stop.

His actions were met with a fierce growl, and he was punished by being pinned out of reach of any source of delicious physical connection. He whimpered and struggled, but was silenced with a sharp but weary statement of 'enough.'

His anger flared again.

"No! It's so fucking obvious that we both want this! Don't stop it. Please, just...don't." His anger quickly shifted into desperation. He was on an emotional rollercoaster and was diving down fast. He withdrew into himself in an attempt to cushion the impact of his fall.

He was pulled out of his self by an insisting pair of lips. They were soft, slow, serious, and equally desperate. His own lips finally reacted to the kindred feeling of desperation, and soon launched back into reciprocating the action. It ended all too quickly though.

"Naruto. I don't want to hurt you. I-I can barely control myself. You're too important to me to—" His sincere confession was cut off by a curt snort.

"Minato." He paused purposefully to let the full weight of the name sink into the man still pinning him. "I want you to fuck me. Now. Enough of this bullshit kissing and talking. I'm not a child, and I'm definitely not a fragile little doll. Once you take me like you own me, then we can talk. Otherwise, I think I'm going to implode waiting any longer." His commanding voice was matched by equally demanding eyes that stared as if they could see Minato's very core.

All hints of anything but cool, sure lust slipped from the lectured man's face. Minato lifted himself onto his knees in a smooth and controlled manner, removing his shirt with equally refined movement. Naruto eyed him greedily, but exchanged the idea of touching himself while watching for the more proactive action of unbuttoning the restricting pants.

In one brisk motion, he pulled both the pants and underwear as far down as the man's position would allow. The newly freed length bobbed in response to its lack of containment, but was quickly recaptured into Naruto's watering mouth. He sucked and lapped hungrily on the man he'd spent practically every night dreaming of.

Naruto almost lost it without even being touched when strong hands gripped his hair painfully and began to assist awaiting hips in participating. Oh how he wanted this man to fill him in every way possible.

The less experienced man focused desperately on riding out the thrusts. His eyes watered from the impacts to the back of his throat, and drool was now seeping out of his mouth to dribble down his neck. However, the sounds coming from the man he was pleasing was well worth every gag and gasp for breath.

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><p>- - - Minato POV - - -<p>

"Fuck." Minato cursed out through gritted teeth. He felt like he could come right then and there after having been strung up so high already. He wasn't willing to end the pleasure quite that soon though. If Naruto wanted it rough, who was he to reject his wishes by holding back? It was clear they both wanted this carnal exchange.

He fisted his fingers at the roots of Naruto's hair, causing the younger man's hair to tug deliciously at his scalp without the need of direction or movement. Minato let himself sink in fully to his body's desires, giving it free reign in attaining exactly what it wanted.

Which, currently, was to fuck his beautiful son's moaning mouth to release.

With an expert angling of his hips, Minato thrusted one final time before releasing years of pent up emotion into Naruto's throat. He let out a strangled moan, releasing the gasping man from his grasp, as he struggled to see again. Coming down from his high, he eyed Naruto warily, fearful of the man's judgment to such rough treatment.

Abused lips were parted and panting. He watched as a pink tongue searched its borders for any traces of release that might have escaped, and another shot of arousal hit him in the gut. He was still painfully hard, and although guilt had almost replaced his euphoric high, Naruto's eyes made it clear he had enjoyed himself just as much as his father.

The time it took for Naruto to catch his breath was all that he had to recover. Naruto's powerful body had successfully flipped them, slamming his back into the bed. He lifted his hips to assist the swift hands aiming to rid him fully from the constraint of his pants. Minato moaned at the strength and agility represented in the man's motions, and eagerly awaited for Naruto's turn to take exactly what he wanted.

Minato watched as Naruto lathered his hand with lubrication, taking that moment to wonder which of them he would choose to be penetrated. His answer came in the form of being reduced to a moaning puddle of lust, as his length was stroked exactly how he liked it.

The attention didn't last long, but it was clear that there were more pressing desires to be taken care of. Naruto quickly moved to straddle his throbbing need, penetrating himself in one, deliberate motion. Minato marveled at how attractive the man on top of him was—head lulled back, mouth agape in bliss. This beautiful being was his son, his best friend, and now, finally, his lover.

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><p>- - - Naruto POV - - -</p>

Naruto took control, positioning the older man where he wanted him, and removing the final obstacle in his way. He squeezed a generous amount of lubricant into his hand, and his recently stretched hole clenched, anticipating finally getting to be filled by more than just his own fingers.

It was exhilarating to finally give in to his carnal desires, and he'd be damned if he didn't take advantage of his father's willing submission to take exactly what his body craved. He lubricated his desire, losing any aspiration to take his time when shameless sounds of pleasure came pouring out of Minato's mouth. He positioned himself quickly on the man's lap, dropping his weight down slow and

controlled, taking in every moment of himself unhurriedly being filled by the man of his dreams.

He took a moment adjust and to store the feeling into his memory, before setting an increasingly quickening pace. Naruto fucked himself with abandon, screaming anything that made it through the lust-filled haze of his mind, lost to the worries of how delectably shameless his actions were.

Minato's hands found their way to Naruto's hips, transitioning between groping the prominent bones, to assisting him in slamming down, and sometimes taking control of his motions completely. Naruto felt the coiling sensation of impending release, but fought it back, not ready to end it yet. He sat up further, reducing the impact on his sweet spot to hold out.

Sharp nails scraped across his lower back, before strong hands pulled him to lean forward for a harsh kiss. His nails dug into the chest beneath him in response, marring it with crescents of red. This wasn't making love. This was an intense and violent, primal act, unleashing the frustration from years of pent up desire. It was just what he needed.

Naruto growled in pleasure when Minato took control from the bottom, angling them and thrusting in unison so that Naruto's prostate would be slammed into with every deep thrust. He screamed as his release was forcefully dragged out of him, coming in spirits all over the man responsible.

His vision blacked out as his body soared beyond where he could consciously perceive. When he finally returned to himself, he collapsed to side of his father, desperately fighting off the desire to pass out. When he felt his father's essence begin to leak back out of his entrance, he couldn't help the moan of appreciation that escaped his lips.

Naruto faintly registered that his father was talking, but was already too far gone to fully discern what was being said.

"Talk, later." he managed to slur before drifting off peacefully in his lover's arms.

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><p><em>AN: This is a little rushed for my liking, so I may go back and edit it. I also made some minor adjustments in regards to typos and such in the last chapter. Anyway: please R&R! That will let me know how far to take this story (I'm currently planning to end it next chapter). </em>

End  
file.